DECORATION DAY.

Rose and forget-me-not.



Out from the long past comes the memory of a nameless soldier grave and of a heart that broke because her for themselves and are alone supreme, love was not. Out from the past come to declare that the humblest life sacrithe shadows of numberless unknown and named heroes, who gave their all sacred as the penates of the household of life to perpetuate the union. In the trying times of strife and carnage, who bared his breast to death-dealing his praiseworthy action. when cannons belched and muskets bullets. flashed death everywhere, little mounds of earth sprang up in rows here and there in the southland. The memory

rating the graves with the choicest flowers of spring, the practice pro- in a group in a deserted and neglected claiming to the children and children's corner of the burial ground, and when children forever that the deeds of these the beautiful custom was inaugurated men who died for God and country of decorating with flowers the sleeping shall be memorialized as long as cour- places of the heroes Barney was greatage rates as a virtue,

Jes Ches Lugene Banks.

of veterans who returned to their homes dropped out of life, so that now, besides the great national burial places | they fit p'intedly, 'n' I reckon they'd in the south, every cemetery of the north is ballowed by the presence of sleeping soldiers. Wherever these armies, while thought-if thought was as a flitting fancy at eventide, banished with its birth. It remained for the American people, who govern ficed in the cause of freedom is as -as priceless as that of the general

vision the working of the still-to-besolved question. The errors of a people-their discontent and mistakes, may sorely try the safety as well as the perpetuity of a government. The labors, the pains and the sorrows of the soldier army must ever serve as warning, as entreaty, as encouragement and as strength to the living and their successors. Each returning Decoration day teaches the lesson of the pricelessness of liberty and union.

For the soldiers who sleep and the cause for which they died the wooded dells are searched, the broad fields are scanned and cultivated gardens are stripped of their choicest gifts. Hail the nation that honors its defenders, dead and living, and let Decoration day be and abide forever, a holy day in the nation. Time has softened the asperities of other days; the opposing passions of men, whose differences were based upon honest conclusions, have been subdued into respect and admiration for the courage that stamped the action of each in the trying times of infinite peril, and a common country is the heritage of all. The custom of awakener of strife, but a sublime tribate to exalted worth

The once ensanguined fields of the south are now being turned over by bright plowshares, and wiil presently yield fair harvests to the peaceful workers; the voices of the mockingbird and brown thrush fill with melody the groves through which once passed hostile armies. The sound of war is heard no more in the land, and may the memories and lessons of Decoration day preserve an everlasting peace to the he had no idea that young and old, nation. The one great baptism of blood should be efficient to the perpetual sealing of the republic in peace and harmony throughout the length and breadth of the land.

BARNEY JENNINGS' CHARGE.

Barney Jennings lived a very uneventful life in his Carolina home until the breaking out of the late civil war. His opportunities were very few, and he had not availed himself of those he might have selzed He was a shiftless, harmless, happy-go-lucky fellow, with abundance of leisure and little or no

When he offered his services as a soldier in the southern army the captain was averse to accepting him because of his unsavery reputation, and only yielded after most urgent entreaty on the part of the ne'er-do-weel. Barney served in the army of the Potomac, or James, participating in the leading buttles and winning an enviable name as a fighter. Had be been able to read or write he would have been given a

Alast at Chancellorsville poor Jennings had his left leg shot away, and his soldier days ended, much to his disgust and discomfiture. Returning vigilance All that the consecrated wealth and sired occasion. The villagers decked home, he hobbled about on a "peg-leg," surrendering himself to whisky drink- ment and security is but a fitting tribute to under the "stoops" of the village stores or before the tall hars of the saloons.



HIS LAST TRIBUTE.

Whatever scruples he may have had before the war as to accepting charity, he now felt himself a proper ward of the community. Poor fellow! his appetite for liquor grew stronger every day, and he soon passed into a state of nearly continuous inebriety. His heart nearly broke when tidings came from Appomattox; but, like a brave soldier, he accepted the issues of battle, saying: "The feller wot lams yer is jesterfied in hol'in' on s'long's his hilt do'n' slip."

Before Barney fought at Chancellorsville there had been a battle near his native village, and in the little cemetery were graves of union as well as confederate soldiers who had fallen in that contest. Those of the former were y distressed because the programme As time passed members of the army did not include those of former formen. "They mought er been wrong," he

persisted, "in pilin' down onter us, but

wives 'n' mammies that cried over 'em." But Barney was a trifle ahead of his neighbors in spirit of amity. The day heroes lie flowers are taken at each re- came, when a wealth of flowers was curring anniversary and placed as vo- spread over each southern soldier's tive gifts upon every sacred altar grave, while no thought was bestowed grave of liberty. History tells of sky- upon those that were concealed by

piercing monoliths, of colossal statues weeds, beneath the scraggy oaks and and artistic mausoleums erected to the elms. When the speeches and hymns memory of great captains of conquering were over a party of young people strayed down in the union quarter, and there was at all-of the hosts of com- their astonishment was great when mon soldiers who poured out their life they saw that every grave was covered blood for the glory of these chieftains, generously with wild flowers. Near by they saw Barney extended upon weeds his bloated body had broken by its character with that self-reliance and weight.

last act upon earth; for he never awoke from the sleep into which he had fallen. He died beside the graves of former enemies, whose courage had inspired

When the next anniversary day came The problem of human government loving hearts recalled Barney's charge must be sought to be solved by each over in the deserted corner, and since successive generation. Blessed is that that time no distinction has been made of these known and unknown dead sug- one which throws such added light that in that little cemetery between the gested the beautiful custom of deco- the next one may discern with clearer union and the confederate dead.

HISTORY OF THE DAY.

The custom of decorating with fragrant spring flowers the graves of departed friends is an old one, but the observance of Decoration day as it is understood to-day is shrouded in some mystery, in spite of the fact that the significant national rite is not yet thirty years old. Towns innumerable, both in the north and in the south, lay claim to having originated the day. After sifting, with perfect impartiality, all the testimony relating to the important subject, the best authorities are inclined to accord to Mrs. Charles J. Williams, of Columbus, Ga., the honor of being the mother of Decoration day.

But before speaking at length of this noble southern woman, who saw in "Memorial day" a grand opportunity to reunite the surviving heroes of the struggle between north and south, it might be well to state that the decoration of soldiers' graves did not become a really national custom until 1868, in which year, under date of May 5, Gen. John A. Logan, commander in chief of decorating the graves is in no sense an the Grand Army of the Republic, issued a general order from which we

"The 30th day of May is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet churchyard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as cir-

When Gen. Logan issued this order



GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

holidays of the nation. And there is no an amount was raised that, in the opintom will ever cease to be observed. If desired. There being no bothouse or need but recall these words of gallant. Malliner, only son of the widow, duty they owe to the men who died to and make the purchase. save their country:

taste of the nation can do to add to their adora- themseives in their best attire, the wanton foot trend redely on such ballowed town, filled with happy creatures, glad ing and going of reverent visitors and fond toil of the home. Bluelays chattered mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect-no ravages of time-testify to the present or coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cause of a free and undivided public. If other eyes grow dull and their hunds slacken and their herris grow cold in the solemn trust, ours shall been it well us ong as light and warmth of life romain to us Let us then at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains and mariana the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring time. Let us raise abo. e them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor. Let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nution's gratitude-the soldiers' and sallors widows and orphans.

With reverence and gratitude the aged, the fair and the young of our land strew the graves of the departed heroes with bright blossoms upon every returning 30th of May. They remember the service rendered by the dead. But they have learned to do more. They have been taught to make pleasant the last days and respect the gray hairs of those who survived the war ALAS! THE FLOWERS DID NOT MATERIand are even now preparing to join their comrades in the grand encampment on the other shore. It is well that while we moisten with a tear the hallowed grave of a departed friend, twittered upon every hand. we lend a helping hand and give a cordial smile to the wheezing veteran gathered, so did the clouds. Patriotby our side.

The southern Memorial day owes, as has been said, its origin to Mrs. Mary Anna Williams, of Columbus, Ga. Mrs. Williams was the daughter of Maj. John Howard, of Milledgeville, Ga.,



MRS. WILLIAMS AND HER AUTOGRAPH.

and was a superior woman. She combined the loveliest womanly traits of determination generally attributed to The touching tribute was Barney's the sterner sex. She was liberally educated in the best schools of Charleston, S. C., and Philadelphia, and was accomplished in music, painting and languages. She married Maj. J. C. Williams on his return from the Mexican war. He was a lawyer of high standing and speaker of the house of representatives about the time the war broke out. While colonel of the First ginia he contracted disease from old guard dwindles.

which he died in 1862, and was buried in Columbus, Ga. Mrs. Williams and her little daughter visited his grave every day, and often comforted themselves by wreathing it with flowers. While the mother sat thinking of the loved and lost ones, the little girl would pluck the weeds from the unmarked soldiers' graves near her father's, and cover them with flowers, calling them "her soldiers' graves," and say they had no one else to care for them. After a short while the dear little girl was summoned by the angels to join her father. The sorely-bereaved mother then took charge of these unknown graves for the child's sake, and as she cared for them thought of the patriots' graves throughout the south, far away from home and kindred, and in this way the plan was suggested to her of setting apart one day in each year that love might pay tribute to valor throughout the southern states. In March, 1866, she addressed a communication to the daily paper at Columbus suggesting our "Memorial day" custom. She then wrote to the Soldiers' Aid societies, and they readily responded, and reorganized under the lead of memorial associations. Mrs. Williams died April 15, 1874, and was buried with military honors.

TONY'S PRETTY FLOWERS.

The spring had been so late in comshould do about flowers for Decoration day. The hitherto never-failing snowballs and lilaes were in embryo, while of the wild flowers not even a spring beauty or a wood violet was to be seen.

The ladies got together and talked over the situation; the committee of arrangements solemnly decided that something surely had to be done, and that without delay Then the ladies met the committee, when there was Doan's, and take no other. much more talking than ever, which finally colminated in a wrathful outburst from Old Mrs. Malliner, a soldier's

"See vere, now, all there is we'se gotter have flowers ter put onto the graves 'n' all the spivelin' 'n' talkin' back in the worl' hain't ergoin' ter hurry up spring one bit. What's more, we jist kain't put off decoratin'; so we'll hafter take up er collection for buyin' uv 'em. Here goes my quarter."

This innovation was a startling one to the Teckerdsvillians, who, if patriotic, soldier and civilian, would respond to were also economical, and their conhis simple appeal with patriotic en- tributions were not made with startling thusiasm and that Decoration day abscrity. Still, after much persistence would become one of the established and a thorough canvass of the town, reason to believe that the beautiful cus- ion of everybody, was ample for the end there were, the Americans of the future flower store in Teckerdsville, Tong John A. Logan to remind them of the was instructed to proceed to Detroit Decoration day opened warm, but

We should guard their graves with sacred with every promise of an all-to-be-defarm warrons came lumbering into mounds. Let parasent outlis invite the com- to get away for a day from the ardnous



ALIZE.

in the apple trees, robins sang soft love notes to their mates, and sparrows

Presently, however, as the crowds ism, however, is strong, and the people like to get together in the country. Hence, while they gossiped and speculated upon the possible events of the day, they gave little heed to the falling smoke from the chimneys or the fitful whiffing of the winds, those sure precursers of a rainfall.

The speaker, the preacher, the church choir and the chairman had gathered upon the stage that stood on the outer edge of the cemetery, while two or three thousand people were gathered in front. Then a raindrop fell sputtering here and there upon the new bonnets or dresses of the women, and the derbys of the men. Neighbor regarded neighbor nervously, but no one flinched as a slow, drizzling, but decidedly wetting rain set in.

Chairman, preacher, speaker, choir all did their part without abatement of one jot or tittle of the programme. Loyally the people stood at their posts, uttering no complaints, if they did fail to cheer.

Then, after the benediction was pronounced, the chairman called up the committee to distribute the flowers. Alas! the flowers did not materialize. In their stead, in the paper boxes once containing them, were wretched masses of pulpy, vari-colored paper, tangles of wrapped wire, etc. Tony had purchased a lot of miserably made paper flowers instead of nature's own dear

"They was so much cheaper," he was

careful to explain. Still there was no end to small flags, so that two of them were placed upon each soldier's grave and thus amends were made in part for Tony's blunder. But Teckerdsville never did and never will forgive him the sorry trick he played.

The Old Guard Dwindles.

There are more soldiers' graves to Georgia Regulars in the army of Vir- decorate to-day than ever before. The

The Trials and Tribulations of a Battle Creek Citizen-How he

Comes to Tell This Story (From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Among the moulders at the works of he Michigan foundry company can be and Mr. Amos Maynard; he has lived Hattle Creek for over ten years, is mored and respected by all who know him; such is the man who makes this arement, he says: "I have had kidney peoble for years, and it has made my life miserable. The heavy lifting, necesary in my business, made me worse. I have been compelled to lie in bed in a helpless condition for as long as nine days at a time; the greatest pain was from my back, which sometimes felt as though a bayonet was being run through me in the region of my kidneys; many citizens of Battle Creek knew how bad I was I could not move without the greatest caution, for is soon as I attempted to stoop over, bend to one side, or even turn in bed, the pain was simply unbearable. I wore porous plasters constantly for the little temporary relief they brought me. Whenever I caught the slightest cold it went straight to my kidneys and made me worse. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and got some. I have taken in all four boxes of them, and I now feel as active as ever. A few months ago I would have ridiculed the idea of being cured so ing that the good and loyal people of quickly, and being able to work as I can Teckerdsville scarcely knew what they now. All the long-standing pains are gone, and the former traces of kidney disorders found in my urine have disappeared. I have recommended Doan's Kidey Pills to many friends who were troubled as I was, and in every case I have learned they proved as beneficial as with me. Doan's Kidney Pills would be cheap to me at almost any price.

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U.S. Remember the name,



RAIL ROAD PACIFIC

NORTHERN

INTERESTED